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REHEARSAL SCRIPT

"CALLAN" (6)

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"THE SAME TRICK TWICE"

VTR/THS/2515

by

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CAST

CALLAN
BISHOP
HUNTER
CROSS
SURTEES
MALLORY
T.V. INTERVIEWERS (V.O)
LONELY
FREDDY
JEAN

EXTRAS.

FILM

EXT. CALLAN'S FLAT NIGHT
EXT. SURTEES FLAT DAY & NIGHT
EXT. FRONTIER POST DAY.
INT. CAR. DAY.
EXT. CANAL. DAY.

SETS

FRONTIER POST
HUNTER'S OFFICE
SURTEE'S FLAT AND CORRIDOR
CALLAN'S FLAT
GENTS
BASEMENT STUDIO
JEAN'S FLAT.
CELLAR.

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T/C.1. EXT. FRONTIER POST. DAY

CLOSE ON THE NOTICE AFFIXED TO THE WALL WHICH WARNS THE READER THAT HE IS LEAVING WEST GERMANY AND ENTERING THE EASTERN ZONE.

PAN FROM THE NOTICE TO FINISH IN CALLAN, A DISTANT FIGURE WAITING AT THE BARRIER SOME WAY AHEAD, BESIDE THE BARRIER IS WEST GERMAN SOLDIER AND SENTRY-PHONE BOX.

CALLAN PULLS HIS COAT COLLAR UP AGAINST THE COLD AIR AND STARTS TO WALK BACK TOWARDS THE CHECK-POINT.

1. INT. FRONTIER POST. DAY.

A SMALL WEST GERMAN CHECKPOINT, PLAIN AND FUNCTIONAL. THE OFFICER IN CHARGE SITS BEHIND A DESK ON WHICH THERE ARE SOME TELEPHONES, AN ARMED SENTRY STANDS BY THE DOOR.
A CIVILIAN, HANDCUFFED TO HIS CHAIR, SITS TO ONE SIDE OF THE DESK, HUDDLED IN HIS OVERCOAT, APPARENTLY INDIFFERENT TO HIS SURROUNDINGS.
THERE ARE PERHAPS HALF A DOZEN

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OTHERS PRESENT. A MIXTURE OF BRITISH ARMY AND FOREIGN OFFICE PERSONNEL.

BISHOP URBANE, GROOMED AND FIFTYISH, STANDS AT THE WINDOW. HE IS A SUPERIOR, SUPERCILLIOUS MAN.

THERE IS AN ATMOSPHERE OF WAITING, BISHOP GLANCES AT HIS WATCH ANXIOUSLY, AS CALLAN ENTERS.

BISHOP: They're cutting it a bit fine, aren't they?

CALLAN: They'll be here, dead on time.

BISHOP: Perhaps we should wait up at the barrier.

CALLAN: In this lot? You'd catch your death. You worry too much, Mr. Bishop.

BISHOP LOOKS AT HIM DISAPPROVINGLY.

BISHOP: You think so, Callan, do you?

CALLAN NODS TOWARDS THE CIVILIAN BY THE DESK.

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CALLAN: Is he worried? He's got a damn sight more reason. If they don't make the swop, you just go back to the Foreign Office. He goes back to the Scrubs. Which wouldn't be a bad thing at that.

BISHOP: He can't be all that useful to them. Not after five years.

CALLAN: Just getting him back's enough. Does wonders for the morale.

BISHOP: Did he - um - say much to you on the way over?

CALLAN: He hasn't said a blind word since we pulled him in back in sixty five. Don't even expect him to say goodbye. He's a trained man, that one.

BISHOP: I daresay, I daresay... Still, we haven't come badly out of the bargaining.

CALLAN: Uh-huh? Foreign Office feeling pleased with itself?

BISHOP: With reason, I think. After all, two of ours for one of theirs.

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CALLAN: Yes, but we give stamps.

BISHOP: You are very offhand, Callan, about the return of your agents.

CALLAN: Well now, who said Surtees and Mallory were our agents?

BISHOP: I shouldn't have thought that there was much point in persisting with the denial since Surtees made a full confession.

CALLAN: There's all sorts of confessions.

BISHOP: I must say, I was a bit surprised to learn you'd recruited a chap like that. Oh, not that there's anything wrong with him, not in the ordinary way. He just always struck me as being rather... naive. For your line of work.

CALLAN: You know him, then?

BISHOP: We were at Oxford -

THE PHONE RINGS. EVERYONE, EXCEPT THE PRISONER, TENSES AS THE GERMAN OFFICER ANSWERS IT. HE LISTENS, BRIEFLY ACKNOWLEDGES THE CALL AND HANGS UP. HE LOOKS AT BISHOP AND SHAKES HIS HEAD.

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CALLAN: You were saying - about Surtees.

BISHOP: Oh yes. I first made his acquaintance at Oxford. Energetic sort of fellow, always organising things. Head full of ideals. Met him again, years later. Hadn't changed a bit.

CALLAN: When was that?

BISHOP: Just after he'd formed that - what was it called?

CALLAN: The Standing Committee for World Peace.

BISHOP: (SNIFFS) That was it. Some crackpot association of European intellectuals who were going to show us all how it should be done.

CALLAN: Mmm, there's a lot of games being ruined by amateurs. You - er - weren't involved in that lot, I take it?

BISHOP: Good Lord, no. He was busy recruiting members among the international intelligentsia and he thought I might be able to help through the F.O. It wasn't on, of course. Not our cup of tea at all.

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THE PHONE RINGS AGAIN, AND AGAIN THERE IS SILENCE. AS THE OFFICER ANSWERS IT. THIS TIME HE HANGS UP, RISES AND NODS. CALLAN LOOKS AT HIS WATCH.

CALLAN: Dead on time. (HE GOES TO THE PRISONER AND FREES HIM FROM HIS CUFFS) Come on, mate. You're going home.

2. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. DAY.

HUNTER IS ON THE TELEPHONE.

HUNTER: Right, Callan. Rake around the old bones but don't disturb them too much. I want those questions answered but don't ask them too obviously.

HE HANGS UP AS CROSS ENTERS.

HUNTER: They've made the exchange.

3. INT. FRONTIER POST. DAY.

THE ATMOSPHERE IS NOW MORE RELAXED, WITH MOST OF THE PEOPLE GROUPED AROUND SURTEES AND MALLORY. SURTEES IS A TALL, THIN MAN, ONCE DISTINGUISHED LOOKING, NOW HAGGARD AND GREY. HE IS

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IN HIS FIFTIES. MALLORY, IN HIS FORTIES, HAS STOOD UP BETTER TO HIS IMPRISONMENT ALTHOUGH HE, TOO, LOOKS STRAINED AND NERVOUS. BISHOP IS HOLDING FORTH. RATHER POMPOUSLY.

BISHOP: A brief pause in your first steps into freedom, gentlemen, while we organise the transport and attend to a few necessary formalities. May I now take this opportunity of welcoming you both back to the free world. I hope it will not be too long before the unfortunate experience of the past five years become no more than a distant unhappy memory.

CALLAN, DURING THIS, HAS BEEN FILLING THREE MUGS FROM A HALF BOTTLE HIP FLASK. HE TAKES THEM ACROSS, HANDING ONE TO SURTEES AND THE OTHER TO MALLORY.

CALLAN: And let me be the first to say - the next round's on you.

BISHOP RESENTS THE INTERRUPTION.

BISHOP: Very thoughtful of you.

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CALLAN: Sorry I could only find three cups.

BISHOP: Let me introduce Mr. David Callan of -

CALLAN: Call it the Home Office. I've been assigned to look after you, Mr. Surtees. For the next few weeks, that is.

SURTEES: Look after me?

CALLAN: You know, help you to find your feet. Keep the Press off your back. They're bound to be around pesturing you with a lot of questions. -

CALLAN: Of course not. But all in good time, eh? We'll have one or two of our own to ask. Still, that can wait'til we get to East Grinstead.

SURTEES: Where?

CALLAN: A little private nursing home we've fixed up. I think you'll like it. Give you a few days rest, get yourself a proper medical check-up. All at the Government's expense. I take it you've no objections.

SURTEES: For which Government department do you work, Mr. Callan?

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CALLAN: Well now, I doubt if you've actually heard of us. We handle things.

SURTEES: One of the Security services?

CALLAN: (PAUSES) In a manner of speaking.

SURTEES LOOKS AT HIM FOR A MOMENT, HIS FACE REFLECTING ANGER AND HATRED, THEN, SOFTLY:

SURTEES: Oh yes, you'll look after me.

HE THROWS THE DRINK IN CALLAN'S FACE. THERE IS A SHOCKED SILENCE.

SURTEES: What I have to say will be said in the public press - not in a private nursing home.

A CAR HORN SOUNDS OUTSIDE. BISHOP GIVES AN EMBARRASSED COUGH.

BISHOP: Sounds as though we're ready to leave. If you'll come with me, Surtees.

BISHOP ESCORTS SURTEES OUT, THE OTHERS FOLLOWING. CALLAN WIPES HIS FACE WITH HIS HANDKERCHIEF. MALLORY FINISHES HIS DRINK.

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MALLORY: Come on, Callan. You can look after me, instead.

T/C.2. INT. CAR. DAY.

A WELL-UPHOLSTERED OFFICIAL CAR, MOVING. CALLAN AND MALLORY ARE IN THE BACK. CALLAN OFFERS MALLORY A CIGARETTE AND LIGHTS IT FOR HIM. MALLORY PUFFS IT A COUPLE OF TIMES AND LOOKS AT IT, UNIMPRESSED.

MALLORY: Mild.

CALLAN: Got used to their brand?

MALLORY: It burns like yak's dung but at least you can taste it. (PAUSES) What was all that about back there?

CALLAN: Thought you might know. Suppose he's gone round the twist?

MALLORY: Possibly.

CALLAN: How was he on the journey?

MALLORY: They brought us in separate cars. What interest does your section have in him?

CALLAN: You might well ask, mate. But I won't answer. So that's the first you've seen of him in five years?

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MALLORY: Since they took me into that room in KGB headquarters, to hear his confession.

CALLAN: Blew you sky-high, didn't he?

MALLORY: Me - Kuslov, Ledney, Surkov. Half a dozen others. I've got things to say, Callanand I've been waiting a long time to say them.

CALLAN: Feel free - if you'll pardon the expression.

MALLORY: I'll hang on a bit longer until I meet the fool who used an incompetent amateur like Surtees as a courier.

CALLAN: Wasn't too bright, was it?

MALLORY: Bright? They had the lot out of him inside twenty-four hours. Names, covers, post boxes. Then they hauled me in and he gave a repeat performance.

CALLAN: Under pressure?

MALLORY: Not so much as a slap on the wrist. Callan - what in God's name ever possessed us to employ him?

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CALLAN: That's just the trouble, mate. We never did.

MALLORY LOOKS AT HIM PUZZLED.

4. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. DAY.

HUNTER LOOKS EMBARRASSED. CALLAN LOOKS PUT UPON.

HUNTER: You could have stopped him talking to the reporters.

CALLAN: Stop him? What was I supposed to do? Clobber him when he opened his mouth?

BISHOP:(OOV) It might have made fractionally larger headlines.

CALLAN TURNS TO SEE BISHOP IN THE DOORWAY AND REACTS WITH SURPRISE. BISHOP COMES OVER TO THE DESK AND SLAPS A NEWSPAPER ON TO IT.

CLOSE ON STRAPHEAD: "RETURNED AGENT HINTS AT SECURITY SCANDAL". HUNTER GROANS, PICKS UP AN INTERCOM AND DIALS.

HUNTER: Get ready to run that clip again. No. Cut out the early stuff. Right. (HE HANGS UP) Switch on the box, Callan.

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CALLAN WHO HAS BEEN STARING AT BISHOP, DOES SO, STILL STARING.

HUNTER: You've met Callan, of course.

BISHOP: Mmm.

CALLAN: You said you were Foreign Office.

BISHOP: In addition to swearing and smoking I also tell lies. (HE IGNORES CALLAN) This is bad, Hunter. This is very, very bad.

CALLAN: (TO HUNTER) Just a minute, who is this? I like to know that sort of thing -

A BURST OF LEADER NUMBERS FLASH ACROSS THE SCREEN. BISHOP PUTS HIS FINGER TO HIS LIPS.

BISHOP: Shh...it's on.

SURTEES APPEARS ON THE SCREEN BEING QUESTIONED BY AN UNSEEN INTERVIEWER.

INTERVIEWER: And now that you're safely home, Mr. Surtees, do you feel any bitterness towards the Soviet Union at the way in which you have been treated?

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SURTEES: Bitterness...No. Not towards the Russians. The conditions in the camp were harsh but I was treated as they could treat any other spy. I have no bitter feelings.

INTERVIEWER: You're aware, of course, that official sources deny that you had any connection whatsoever with British Intelligence?

SURTEES: I'm aware of it. And under the circumstances I'm hardly surprised.

INTERVIEWER: Under what circumstances?

SURTEES: Ones which reflect the greatest discredit on their methods.

INTERVIEWER: In what way?

SURTEES: I was blackmailed into spying for British Intelligence. When I publish my account of the affair, the public can judge for itself the character of men who run our security services.

INTERVIEWER: A very serious allegation, surely?

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SURTEES: Very serious. Now, please - I won't answer any other questions at the moment.

THE FILM ENDS AND THE SCREEN GOES BLANK.

CALLAN: 'Struth - what's he on about?

HUNTER: Us.

CALLAN: Not this section.

BISHOP: Don't be chauvinistic, Callan. It's all in the family.

CALLAN: Yes, but he was never in the family. Was he?

BISHOP: Not in my branch of it certainly.

CALLAN: Well what?

HUNTER: Callan, anything's possible. You should know that. Wires get crossed, memos get lost. The wrong people see the wrong things the right people sometimes miss seeing the right things. Orders get misunderstood... God knows what might have happened with that man. And he won't let us close enough to ask him.

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BISHOP: That sounds like a speech for the defence Hunter. We can't stop that interview from going out.

CALLAN:"D" notice.

BISHOP: We don't want raised eyebrows. It's bad for business.

CALLAN: Who's we ?

BISHOP: Us.

CALLAN:(TO HUNTER) What was it you said, sir, about wires getting crossed and the left hand not knowing if it's shaking hands with right or scratching its backside -

BISHOP: Callan - all you need to know is that in the pecking order of the security game - we get first peck (TO HUNTER) Surtees said - how did he put it - he was going to publish his own account of the affair.

HUNTER: He'll have half of Fleet Street hammering at his door to do him the favour.

5. INT. SURTEE'S FLAT. DAY.

A FAIRLY LARGE ROOM IN AN EDWARDIAN BLOCK. THE FURNITURE IS OF THE

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SUBSTANTIAL, INHERITED KIND, SOME OF IT IS STILL UNDER DUST SHEETS. A COUPLE OF DOORS LEAD OFF TO BEDROOMS.

SURTEES ENTERS WITH CROSS FOLLOWING.

SURTEES: Come in, Mr -

CROSS: CRoss.

SURTEES: As you can see, I haven't quite had time to remove the shrouds. My release was sudden, I didn't have the opportunity to make any arrangements for opening the place up. Find yourself a chair, if you can.

CROSS: Thank you. (HE SITS DOWN) I must apologise for intruding at a time like this. Unfortunately in my business, the - er - race goes to the swift.

SURTEES: I'm afraid I didn't quite understand what your business is, Mr. Cross.

CROSS: I'm with Metropolitian Syndications.

SURTEES: You aren't a journalist?

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CROSS: No. Not a journalist. We handle the publication rights for features and articles and I'm here to make an offer for your story. I take it you haven't yet disposed of it?

SURTEES: No.

CROSS: Good. I'm sure we can come to some arrangement then. Um - there is one thing. In the normal course of events, we would offer to make some sort of initial payment. By way of an option you understand.

SURTEES: I told you. Money is not my main consideration.

CROSS: Possibly. The option would protect our interests as much as your own. The trouble is - well, how shall I put it -

SURTEES: Frankly, Mr. Cross.

CROSS: Then - frankly - your experiences aren't exactly unique. Others have come back from Russian prisons and they all tend to tell more or less the same story. Public interest is becoming a little blunted.

SURTEES: Then why are you so anxious to obtain it?

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CROSS: It's rumoured that there are certain elements in your story which make it rather unusual. You have hinted at certain..... disclosures.

SURTEES: I intend to make certain disclosures, Mr. Cross.

CROSS: I see. Mr. Surtees, we would like some idea of what we're buying.

SURTEES: A true account of how a citizen of this country was blackmailed into working for British Intelligence.

CROSS: I would appreciate a little more detail.

SURTEES: As you may know, I was one of the founders of an organisation known as the Standing Committee for World Peace.

CROSS: I remember it.

SURTEES: My activities took me all over the world - in particular to Eastern Europe. I met important people there, influential people... I had just returned from one such trip - it was early in 1966, February, I think, though I can't

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SURTEES: (CONTD) be sure without checking with my diary - when the first approach was made. A man called to see me - here, in this flat. He didn't waste any time in coming to the point. He said he was from the S.I.S.

CROSS: The...?

SURTEES: The Secret Intelligence Service. The peacetime name for the M.I.5. He suggested that it was my patriotic duty to co-operate with them. Indeed, to work for them.

CROSS: In what capacity?

SURTEES: As a general courier. My ability to move about freely made me valuable in that role. But more specifically he wanted me to find out who, among my contacts in the East, were sympathetic to the West.

CROSS: You wouldn't co-operate?

SURTEES: Of course not. It would have been a gross betrayal of trust. I sent him packing. But... that wasn't the end of it. A fortnight later, I received a phone call. Quite late at night. The caller said he was passing through London and that

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SURTEES: (CONTD) he had a letter for me from a mutual friend at Leningrad University. We arranged to meet in the buffet at Victoria Station. We met - had a drink - he gave me the letter. Then, as I was leaving, I suddenly felt ill - dizzy. I didn't completely lose consciousness. Not completely. But the next clear recollection I have is that of waking up in my car which was parked outside. Several hours later.

CROSS: Have you any idea what happened during those hours?

SURTEES: A very clear idea, Mr, Cross. I was taken somewhere and photographed. In bed. With a girl. When the next approach came, the photographs came with it.

CROSS: I see.

SURTEES: I'm sure you do. My wife was a chronic invalid. She was in hospital at the time. Angina. It was put to me that the effect of seeing the photographs might prove - unfortunate. You understand, I had no choice but to co-operate.

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CROSS: Your wife -

SURTEES: Died five years ago. Shortly after my arrest. (HE PAUSES, THEN SMILES THINLY) So the photographs are no good to anybody. You might tell that to Hunter, will you?

6. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. DAY.

HUNTER IS EXASPERATED. CROSS DEFENSIVE. CALLAN WATCHFUL.

HUNTER: It's all coming apart. Falling to pieces. First Callan steps on the cake ., then you -

CROSS: I said at the time it was a bit obvious, sir -

HUNTER: Obvious? That was a very considerable understatement, Cross. He must have been on to you from the word go. What the hell's been going on that none of us know about?

CROSS: I wouldn't know, sir. I wasn't with this section five years ago.

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HUNTER: Nor was I. How does he come to be familiar with an official top-secret code-name - how does he know there is a Hunter?

CALLAN: There is one possibility, sir.

HUNTER: What?

CALLAN: He's telling the truth.

HUNTER: No.

CALLAN: Oh come on. Take a look through our files and you'll find this section's been involved in some dirty, dodgy operations. A bit of blackmail's something we'd do for light relief.

HUNTER: I've been through the files and there's nothing in them that even hints at this!

CALLAN: Yes, well - maybe this was one of those things that's better not filed. Some of the men who sat behind that desk could play their cards pretty close to the chest.

HUNTER: Callan it does seem to me that you're getting a certain smug satisfaction out of all this.

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CALLAN: Well, it had to happen, didn't it ? Some day it had to happen.

HUNTER: What had to happen?

CALLAN: Some rotten little carper would turn round and bite us.

HUNTER: Maybe it has and maybe it hasn't. (PAUSES) Cross, there's to be no further official contact with Surtees. But I want a round-the-clock watch kept on him.

CROSS: His phone, sir?

HUNTER: Callan will take care of that. I also want photographs of everyone he meets - everyone who enters and leaves the building.

CROSS: Very good, sir.

CROSS EXITS

CALLAN: (SHRUGS) How long do you think it'll take Surtees to write his story?

HUNTER: How long is a piece of string? But I'll tell you one thing - he isn't going to publish it.

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CALLAN: How do you intend to stop him?

HUNTER: (PAUSES) By playing it close to my chest if I have to. With your assistance.

CALLAN: Why me?

HUNTER: Why not?

HUNTER COLLECTS SOME PAPERS FROM HIS DESK, AND EXITS. CALLAN LOOKS AFTER HIM, SUDDENLY AFRAID AND APPREHENSIVE.

7. INT. SURTEES FLAT. NIGHT.

THE DUST SHEETS HAVE NOW BEEN REMOVED AND THE ROOM MADE HABITABLE. SURTEES SITS AT A LARGE ROLL TOP DESK IN ONE CORNER OF THE ROOM. IN FRONT OF HIM IS A FOOLSCAP WRITING PAD. IN HIS HAND A PEN. HE PAUSES FOR A MOMENT CONSIDERING WHAT TO WRITE, THEN HE STARTS.

8. INT. CALLAN'S FLAT. NIGHT.

CLOSE ON A CHESS BOARD SET WITH PIECES. CALLAN CONSULTS A TEXT BOOK AND MAKES A MOVE. THERE IS A TAP AT THE DOOR. HE RISES AND OPENS

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IT TO FIND MALLORY. CALLAN HESITATES FOR A MOMENT, SLIGHTLY SURPRISED, THEN STANDS ASIDE TO LET HIM IN.

CALLAN: Come in. Don't say it's a nice place I've got 'cos I hate hypocrisy.

MALLORY: Glad to see I didn't get you out of bed.

CALLAN: Don't go to bed much these day. Insomnia. You should have phoned, though. Haven't got a drop in the place except half a bottle of brown and that's flat.

MALLORY: Doesn't matter.

HE WANDERS OVER TO THE TABLE AND LOOKS DOWN AT THE CHESS BOARD.

CALLAN: Do you play?

MALLORY: Not recently. I was too busy producing my quota of the little bastards.

CALLAN: Oh...yes, sorry. Bad memories.

MALLORY: I can look at them without shuddering. Now, cabbage soup - that's different.

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MALLORY SITS DOWN AT THE TABLE AND STUDIES THE BOARD. CALLAN JOINS HIM. HE WAITS FOR HIM TO SAY SOMETHING, THEN:

CALLAN: Don't exactly play myself - just sort of learning. (NO REPLY) Something to do at night. (NO REPLY) Finished with you down at East Grinstead are they?

MALLORY: They ran out of questions in three days. I ran out of answers in two. So they've turned me loose.

HE MAKES A MOVE AND TAKES CALLAN'S WHITE KNIGHT. CALLAN PICKS UP THE BOOK AND FLIPS THROUGH THE PAGES LOOKING FOR THE COUNTER. MALLORY MAKES IT FOR HIM. CALLAN PUTS DOWN THE BOOK.

CALLAN: Look - er - it's half past midnight and you didn't just happen to be passing.

MALLORY: No. I wanted to talk to you.

CALLAN: About what?

MALLORY STUDIES THE WHITE KNIGHT, ROLLING IT ROUND IN HIS FINGERS.

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MALLORY: Surtees. He demolished my outfit... We didn't have a chance.

CALLAN: He's a weak man.

MALLORY: Or a clever man.

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CALLAN: We've been keeping tabs on him for the past ten days.

MALLORY: I see he's sold his story to one of the papers.

CALLAN: Well, he would, wouldn't he?

MALLORY: I want Hunter to assign me to covering him.

CALLAN: He appreciates enthusiasm, does Hunter. But it's not on, is it? Nobody's going to use you until your judgement's back to normal.

MALLORY: Hunter might, if you put in a word.

CALLAN: Sorry mate. After three years like your three years, I wouldn't trust you to get the day of the week right.

MALLORY: Then I'll ask the favour from somebody else.

CALLAN: Forget it. You're off - and that's a fact.

MALLORY: They tell me you're a bit off yourself.

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CALLAN TENSES.

CALLAN: What do they tell you?

MALLORY: Just that. You got yourself conned into killing the wrong man and you haven't been the same since. Are you off, Callan?

CALLAN: Not so's you'd notice. (BEAT) Your move.

MALLORY: My move....Here, you can have your knight back.

HE GOES TO REPLACE IT. CALLAN STOPS HIM.

CALLAN: That's not in the rules.

MALLORY: The rules are what you make them. And he has his instructions.

CALLAN: What are you talking about?

MALLORY: I told you. Surtees. (HE REPLACES THE KNIGHT AMONG CALLAN'S LINE UP) Has it occurred to anyone that he's working for the K.G.B.?

CALLAN LOOKS AT THE PIECE AND THEN AT MALLORY.

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9. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. DAY.

ON CALLAN.

CALLAN: You're joking!

CUT TO INCLUDE HUNTER AND BISHOP.

HUNTER: When I make a joke, I'll expect you to smile. (BEAT) I'm taking Mallory on to the strength.

CALLAN: But - he's - he's -

HUNTER: He's what?

CALLAN: He's just back ten minutes!

HUNTER: He's keen.

CALLAN: He's twitchy!

BISHOP: Unbalanced?

CALLAN: You know what I mean. I don't want some nut padding along behind me -

BISHOP: An incautious description, wouldn't you say? From what I've heard, he wouldn't be the only one in this section who's living with a trauma.

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CALLAN: (BEAT) Gets around, doesn't it.

BISHOP: You will agree that for someone who is - twitchy....Mallory has come up with a very reasonable hypothesis. It isn't easy to do a good trick twice - but it is possible.

CALLAN: What was the good trick once?

BISHOP: When Surtees was arrested - if he was arrested - it didn't do our image any good.

CALLAN: All right, so it made you look like amateur night at the Bolshoi -

BISHOP: Just so - and it was far from all right. The Lubin network evaporated. Two potential defectors developed cold feet and shopped their contacts. Vaslov went double... There was a massive loss of confidence, Callan. Nobody treads on a rotten step.

CALLAN: And Mallory's lot?

BISHOP: A charade. A piece of window dressing. The K.G.B. were on to them already. When the time came to blow the whistle, Surtees did it in the most damaging manner possible.

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HUNTER: Come on, Callan, don't be thick-headed about it. Admit the possibility.

CALLAN THINKS FOR A MOMENT, THEN:

CALLAN: All right. It's possible.

HUNTER: Grudging, but better than nothing. So,having discredited the S.I.S. once, he's all set to do it again. Now that we know the blackmail story's no more than a cover we can concentrate on stopping him.

CALLAN: Now that we know? I said it was poss-

HUNTER: You have things to do, Callan. I won't detain you.

IF CALLAN IS ABOUT TO REPLY, HE THINKS BETTER OF IT AND EXITS. BISHOP LOOKS AFTER HIM.

HUNTER: Callan has special qualities.

BISHOP: I'm not too happy about his involvement in this.

HUNTER: I'm never too happy about being told how to run my section.

BISHOP: My dear chap, I wouldn't dream of it.

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HUNTER: Good.

BISHOP: Unless it became absolutely necessary.

HUNTER: I've agreed to accept Mallory. That's as far as I'm prepared to go.

BISHOP: It's as far as I want you to go - at the moment. We like to have somebody on the inside of everything. Tell me - do you also accept his theory?

HUNTER: A theory doesn't have to be right. It just has to work.

BISHOP: This one does. (BEAT) We had word from Moscow this morning. They've put a new man in the field.

END OF ACT 1

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ACT 11

10. INT. GENT'S. NIGHT.

A ROW OF CUBICLES AND LONELY AQUATIC NOISES./ SITS IN THE TINY ATTENDANT'S BOOTH. THERE IS A PILE OF TOWELS WHICH HE IS BUSY FOLDING. IN FRONT OF HIM THERE IS A PLATE WITH A SOLITARY SIXPENCE IN IT. A TEN BOB BIT JOINS IT. HIS EYES POP AND HE LOOKS UP.

LONELY: Much obliged, sir - (HE REACTS) - Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: This is the best you can do for yourself? Hygiene operative in Harry's Strip Bar?

LONELY: It's honest work, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: And that's not all that's wrong with it. I've had a job finding you.

LONELY: Didn't want to get found.

CALLAN: See if we can talk.

HE JERKS HIS HEAD AT THE CUBICLES. LONELY RISES AND WALKS ALONG THEM KICKING THE DOORS OPEN. THEY CAN TALK. HE RETURNS.

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CALLAN: Got a job for you, Lonely.

LONELY: Don't want it, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: You could do it with your eyes shut.

LONELY: I'm all right here. Nobody bothers me.

CALLAN: Block of flats in Bloomsbury. Old property. No dogs, no burglar alarms. Three flights up and an easy drainpipe at the back.

LONELY: Please, Mr. Callan, I don't want to know about it -

CALLAN: There's twenty quid in it. For doing nothing. Just climb in, open the door and scarper. I'll do the rest.

LONELY: Mr. Callan, I'm not interested. This might not look much to you but it's better than the nick. I got my own room here and everything -

CALLAN: And then there's the tips. (HE PICKS UP THE PLATE AND SWIRLS THE COINS AROUND) Ten and a tanner.

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CALLAN: (CONTD.) I'm not surprised. These wash hand basins are filthy. Filthy.

LONELY: Get all sorts in here, Mr. Callan -

CALLAN: Somebody should complain to the management about them. The management would listen to a complaint like that -

LONELY: Don't, Mr. Callan - I just want to be left alone -

CALLAN: Just take a look at the place.

LONELY: What place?

CALLAN: This place in Bloomsbury. If you don't fancy it. No more said.

LONELY: I'd rather not, Mr. C -

CALLAN LOOKS AT HIM FOR A MOMENT, TIGHT LIPPED. THEN HE RETRIEVES THE TEN BOB BIT FROM THE SAUCER AND MAKES TO EXIT.

CALLAN: I'd get these basins cleaned up smartish, if I was you.

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LONELY LETS HIM GET ALMOST TO THE DOOR.

LONELY: Mr. Callan.

CALLAN STOPS, TURNS.

CALLAN: What?

LONELY: (BEAT) Twenty five quid was it you said?

T/C (3) EXT. FLATS. DAY.

CLOSE ON THE THIRD FLOOR WINDOW OF AN EDWARDIAN MANSION BLOCK, PULLING BACK TO FINISH ON A SHOT WHICH FAVOURS THE ENTRANCE. A CAR IS PARKED ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE STREET.

11. INT. CELLAR. DAY.

CROSS AND CALLAN ARE BY THE WINDOW. LONELY IS FOREGROUND. HE LOOKS AT COAL AND FIREWOOD, AND PULLS HIS SCARF TIGHTER.

LONELY: It's dead parky down here Mr. C. could get a nice fire going with that lot.

CALLAN: 'Struth, it's bad enough being cooped up with you for three hours in a confined space without having you steaming as well.

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LONELY: I'm always inclined to sweat a bit before a job, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: If you can't take a bath, take a walk. God, I should've let you carve out a new career for yourself among the disinfectants.

LONELY: You should've. Didn't say nothing about it being a daylight job -

CALLAN: The drainpipe isn't overlooked, is it?

LONELY: Could get seen just the same -

CALLAN: So you're a window cleaner. Now, do you know what you're on about?

LONELY: Second floor back -

CALLAN: Right, I'll be up ten minutes after and give you three on the bell, so look nippy 'coz I don't want to be seen hanging around the corridor.

LONELY: Quick as I can, Mr. C. I just let you in, then I scarper.

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CALLAN: Then you scarper.

CROSS BECOMES ALERT.

CROSS: Surtees.

T/C (4) EXT. FLATS. DAY.

SURTEES EMERGES, HAILS A TAXI, GETS IN AND DRIVES OFF.

12. INT. CELLAR. DAY.

CALLAN: You don't take a taxi to go down the road for a packet of fags....On your way, Lonely.

LONELY GETS OUT.

CROSS: And me, Callan. I'm supposed to stay on his tail.

CALLAN: Not this time, mate. If he suddenly changes his mind and comes back, I want you up at the phone box on the corner waiting to tell me.

13. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

A SHORT CORRIDOR, A COUPLE OF DOORS FACING EACH OTHER AND A STAIR WELL WITH A FAIRLY NEWISH LIFT BUILT INTO IT.

ON THE INDICATOR AS IT APPROACHES AND REACHES THREE.

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CUT TO INCLUDE CALLAN AS HE OPENS THE LIFT DOOR AND COMES OUT. HE GOES TO SURTEES' DOOR AND BUZZES DELIBERATELY THREE TIMES. THERE IS NO REPLY. HE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH.

IRRITATED, AND TRIES AGAIN. BEHIND HIM, THE LIFT GEARS ENGAGE AND IT STARTS TO DESCEND. CALLAN LEANS ON THE BUZZER. THE DOOR IS OPENED BY A FLUSTERED LONELY.

LONELY: Give us a chance, Mr. Callan -

CALLAN: You took your time! Out of the way and let me in!

14. INT. SURTEES' FLAT. DAY.

CALLAN ENTERS.

LONELY: It wasn't easy, Mr. C. That drain pipe's dead shaky at the top. They should have it seen to. Could kill somebody,a thing like that -

CALLAN SECURES THE BOLT ON THE DOOR.

LONELY: What you do that for...?

CALLAN: Don't want him walking in on us, do we?

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CALLAN GOES TO THE ROLL TOP DESK AND TRIES IT. ITS LOCKED. LONELY LOOKS AT THE DOOR LONGINGLY.

LONELY: You said I could scarper, Mr. Callan. That's what you said -

CALLAN: Open this.

LONELY GOES OVER AND RELUCTANTLY STARTS TO WORK ON THE DESK LOCK. CALLAN REMOVES THE BULB FROM THE DESK LAMP AND REPLACES IT WITH A PHOTOFLOOD. THEN HE TAKES A SMALL CAMERA FROM HIS POCKET AND CHECKS THE SETTINGS.

LONELY: What are we looking for?

CALLAN: Something about half as big again but different coloured.

LONELY: Eh?

CALLAN: Get a move on. 'Struth, you're losing your touch, Lonely.

THE LOCK CLICKS AND LONELY ROLLS THE TOP UP. PROMINENT INSIDE ARE SOME FOOLSCAP WRITING PADS. CALLAN PICKS ONE UP AND OPENS IT. LONELY PANICS.

LONELY: Here! What are you playing at, Mr. Callan - leaving your flaming dabs all over them! That's how you get caught.

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HE WIPES IT CLEAN WITH HIS SLEEVE. CALLAN PUTS ON A PAIR OF GLOVES, PICKS UP THE PAD, SCRUTINISES THE FIRST FEW PAGES AND WHISTLES. LONELY LOOKS UNCOMFORTABLE.

LONELY: You're not going to read all the way through it, are you?

CALLAN: No. There's nothing I like better than curling up in bed with a good photostat.

HE PLACES THE OPEN PAD DIRECTLY UNDER THE LIGHT AND PHOTOGRAPHS THE PAGE. THEN THE NEXT. AND THE NEXT.

LONELY: Look, you don't want me hanging around -

CALLAN: No, I don't. Find out where that phone cable finishes up, I want to put a bug in it.

LONELY DOES AS HE IS BID, FOLLOWING THE CABLE TO THE JUNCTION BOX. THE PHONE RINGS AND HE JUMPS.

CALLAN: Right, that's it. Close the desk and put the bulb back.

CALLAN CROSSES SWIFTLY TO THE PHONE AND PICKS IT UP.

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CALLAN: Yes - (HIS EXPRESSION CHANGES AND HE HESITATES THEN) Yes, this is Mr. Surtees speaking. Who's that?

15. INT. STUDIO. DAY.

CLOSE ON FREDDY WITH THE PHONE. HE IS A SMALL CAMP MAN IN HIS FORTIES.

FREDDY: My friends call me Freddy - you can do the same. When I saw in the papers that you were back, I thought now wouldn't it be nice if we met and had a chat. Well - for a start - we could talk about the girl in that photograph.

16. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. DAY.

ON HUNTER AS HE THROWS DOWN A TYPESCRIPT WITH AN ANGRY EXCLAMATION. CUT TO SHOW THAT CALLAN, MALLORY AND CROSS ARE ALSO PRESENT.

HUNTER: God knows what I expected but I didn't expect anything as bad as this. How much did you read, Callan?

CALLAN: Only the first few paragraphs. There wasn't time.

MALLORY: Is it serious?

HUNTER PICKS UP THE TYPESCRIPT AND READS.

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HUNTER: "On the following Tuesday I met Hunter at the usual place. He said that a CIA agent in Holland was, to use his own words 'rocking the boat.' The agent's name was Schipper -"

CROSS: Schipper....Amsterdam, wasn't it?

HUNTER: It was. (READS) "The agent's name was Schipper and he would have to be liquidated. I asked him what he meant and he told me that since the Americans had already killed one British agent this would be in the nature of a reprisal." (HE LOWERS THE TYPESCRIPT.) In May, 1965 an agent of the Central Intelligence Agency was found dead in his hotel room. (HE RETURNS TO THE TYPESCRIPT) "I protested that I was not a trained killer. Hunter assured me that my role would simply be that of a courier. The actual murder would be done by his section."

HE PUTS THE TYPESCRIPT DOWN AND LOOKS ROUND THEM.

MALLORY: He knows the names, dates and places.

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HUNTER: And this, believe me, is one of the more innocuous allegations.

MALLORY: Schipper?

HUNTER: Was killed by the K.G.B. Poisoned but if this ever sees the light of day, there may be second thoughts on the matter.

CROSS: I take it there's no point in denying it.

HUNTER: Since we've been denying any connection with Surtees for the past three years, I doubt if it would surprise anyone. The way the facts are presented - and I emphasise facts - our involvement becomes only too credible. And it lends credence to other parts of his story.

CROSS: Equally serious?

HUNTER: Interference in domestic politics. How does that sound?

CROSS: Explosive.

CALLAN: How does he come to know so many - facts. If he wasn't working for us?

HUNTER: Still attached to your notion that somebody's mislaid a memo, Callan?

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CALLAN: It's been known.

HUNTER: They'd have to mislay a whole bloody filing cabinet to make it stand up! (HUNTER RISES) Face it, Callan. Here we have a who's-who and what's -what of the S.I.S. All highly authentic. Now who would make it their business to find that out? Only the opposition, Callan, only the opposition!

17. INT. STUDIO. DAY.

A SOHO BASEMENT, "ART" NUDES ON THE WALL, SOME PHOTOGRAPHIC PARAPHERNALIA AROUND INCLUDING AN EXPENSIVE LOOKING CAMERA MOUNTED ON A TRIPOD, ALSO ODD PROPS, SOFAS AND CUSHIONS.

A DOOR AT THE BACK LEADS TO THE DARKROOM. CALLAN IS WANDERING AROUND, LOOKING AT THE STUDIES. FREDDY COMES OUT FROM THE DARKROOM.

FREDDY: Can I help you? I'm Freddy.

CALLAN: Hello Freddy. Just window shopping.

FREDDY: No harm in that. Your hobby, is it?

CALLAN: Mm? Oh, photography. Yes - in an amateur sort of way. Got

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CALLAN: (CONTD.) all the gear. Anxious to get started.

FREDDY: Good stuff?

CALLAN: Box brownie and a roll of film. What more do you need?

FREDDY: Some don't even need the roll of film. Still, I can tell you're the serious type. Recommended, were you?

CALLAN: Sort of. What's the routine?

FREDDY: Well, you have to be a member of the club, of course . Can't just have people wandering in and banging away with a camera, can we?

CALLAN: How much?

FREDDY: Ten bob a year.

CALLAN: Very exclusive. Cash, cheque or banker's order?

FREDDY: Cash. It's always cash. Three quid a session. Tuesdays and Thursdays.

CALLAN: Very reasonable.

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FREDDY: It's all in. Shall I book you for a session Mr. -? Mister ....Smith, was it?

CALLAN: Surtees.

FREDDY REACTS. HE PAUSES, LOOKING AT CALLAN SHREWDLY.

FREDDY: My, you haven't half changed since I saw you on the telly.

CALLAN: I'm working for Surtees.

FREDDY: I see. Private inquiry?

CALLAN: Something of the sort. Fella in his position can't go hoofing around after every phone call he gets, can he? (BEAT) It was you that phoned last night?

FREDDY: Might've been. What's your name?

CALLAN: Smith.

FREDDY: Good guess, wasn't it?

CALLAN: Mr. Surtees is very interested in the girl in the photograph.

FREDDY: He would be, wouldn't he? How much is he interested - and I do mean how much?

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CALLAN: He authorised me to go up to fifty quid to obtain the information.

FREDDY: He'll have to do a bit better than that. Oh, a lot better than that. He'll be making a few bob from those newspaper articles he's doing.

CALLAN: (QUIETLY) Freddy.....I should tell you that he also authorised me to tear your ears off if I had to.

FREDDY STEPS BACK ALARMED.

FREDDY: Now, don't you start getting muscular with me -

CALLAN: I know. You'll scream the place down.

CALLAN GOES OVER TO THE CAMERA AND REMOVES IT FROM THE TRIPOD, HANDLING IT VERY CASUALLY.

CALLAN: Now, that's nice, that's very nice. Clever lot, the Swiss. Precision made - you can tell - but delicate, very delicate.....

FREDDY: Here, put that down.

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CALLAN: What's the list price? About a hundred and fifty? Still, you'd get it trade - so we'll call it a hundred and twenty-five. (HE ALMOST DROPS IT AND FREDDY YELPS) I'm prepared to up my offer by one hundred and twenty five nicker. That is to say - a penny saved is a penny earned. Want to save it?

FREDDY: Put it down! Put the bleeding thing down!

CALLAN: How hard would you like me to put it down?

FREDDY: All right - all right! No need to mend the furniture and fittings!

CALLAN PUTS THE CAMERA DOWN.

CALLAN: Five years ago -

FREDDY: This fella came in to see me-

CALLAN: Name?

FREDDY: Said it was Hunter.

CALLAN: Said it was Hunter. Just walked in.

FREDDY: No, no - he'd been here a couple of times before. He wanted a model for some private work. So I fixed him up with Bernice.

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CALLAN: Bernice.

FREDDY: Jean, as a matter of fact. Jean Forbes. Only now it's Jean Price. Mrs.

CALLAN: What-is-her-name?

FREDDY: I told you. She's Mrs. Jean Price now. Got out of the game. Done very well for herself. Married well. Anyway, she took it on. Did very nicely out of it, too. Though I didn't know that at the time. Two fifty nicker.

CALLAN: It's a lot to pay for a dirty postcard.

FREDDY: There was a bit more to it than that. Though I didn't know anything about it. Not till six months later when your Mr. Surtees gets himself arrested in Moscow. Jean comes flying round, tells me the whole story and wants to know what to do. Keep your mouth shut, dearie, I told her. He won't be around for the next ten years.

18. INT. CELLAR. DAY.

CROSS WAITS, BORED BUT WATCHFUL, A TELEPHOTO-LENSED CAMERA ON HIS LAP,

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A TAPE RECORDER WITH EARPHONES BESIDE HIM.

SUDDENLY, THROUGH THE SPEAKER OF THE RECORDER COMES THE SOUND OF A PHONE BEING LIFTED AND SOMEONE DIALLING. CROSS SWITCHES ON THE RECORDER AND CLAPS THE PHONES ON HIS EARS.

19. INT. SURTEES' FLAT. DAY.

SURTEES IS ON THE PHONE.

SURTEES: I would like to speak to the features editor, please.....Good afternoon, Robert Surtees here. I thought I'd let you know - I've almost finished the rough draft. Just a few revisions to make. It needs some polishing, of course, but no doubt your people will see to that. Good....then I can let you have it tomorrow.

TILT DOWN TO FINISH ON THE FOOLSCAP PADS BESIDE HIS ELBOW.

T/C (5) EXT. CANAL. DAY.

PANNING WITH A LARGISH DOG AS IT RUNS TOWARDS ITS MISTRESS: JEAN PRICE. SHE IS AN ATTRACTIVE BUT HARD LOOKING WOMAN IN HER LATE TWENTIES. AS SHE STOOPS TO FASTEN THE LEAD ON THE DOG:

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CALLAN: (O.O.V.) Nice beast that. You can tell he's a thoroughbred, Mrs. Price.

JEAN STRAIGHTENS TO FACE CALLAN WHO STANDS BEHIND HER.

JEAN: As it happens, he is a thoroughbred. And as it happens, I am Mrs. Price. Do I know you?

CALLAN: No. I've just been up to your place. One of the neighbours said you always walked the dog along here about this time. Recognised it straight off. Recognised you, too, of course - from your photographs.

JEAN: (BEAT) Who are you?

CALLAN: I'm a friend of Freddy's.

JEAN LOOKS AT HIM COLDLY.

JEAN: What do you want?

CALLAN: Tell you back at your place, eh?

20. INT. JEAN'S FLAT. DAY.

ON JEAN PRICE, SHE CRUSHES HER CIGARETTE INTO AN ASHTRAY AND LOOKS AT CALLAN DEFIANTLY.

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JEAN: If Freddy said that, then Freddy's a liar.

CALLAN: Let's not get off on the wrong foot, Mrs. Price. I'm not interested in what you were or what you did -

JEAN: I was a photographer's model.

CALLAN: I know.

JEAN: There's nothing wrong with that.

CALLAN: Not to me, but then I'm broadminded.

JEAN: And so is my husband, if you've any thoughts in that direction. I've told him all about my association with Freddy.

CALLAN: That's nice. Complete honesty and trust. The basis for a happy marriage. Did you tell him about Surtees?

JEAN: (PAUSES) I've never heard of the man.

CALLAN: You wouldn't know him if you saw him.

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JEAN: No.

CALLAN: He'd know you. Oh, sure, he was drugged at the time but they'd have to show him the photograph, wouldn't they? It would all be a bit pointless unless he saw the photograph. (PAUSES) It hasn't faded much with the years, Mrs. Price.

JEAN: I've got nothing to say to you.

CALLAN: Your husband might when he sees it. Mind if I wait for him?

JEAN: It'll be a long wait. He's in America on a business trip.

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CALLAN: Don't mess me about, Mrs. Price. All I want is information. Who took that photograph and where was it taken?

JEAN RISES, GOES TO THE DOOR AND OPENS IT.

JEAN: Good day, Mr. Whoever-you-are. It hasn't been a pleasure.

CALLAN SHRUGS, GIVES UP AND GOES TO THE DOOR.

CALLAN: Look, just tell me -

JEAN: I've told you. You're wasting your time.

CALLAN: That, Mrs. Price, is something I can't afford to waste. There isn't enough to go round.

HE EXITS. JEAN SLAMS THE DOOR BEHIND HIM AND LOOKS SUDDENLY WORRIED.

21. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. DAY.

CLOSE ON A TAPE RECORDER. CUT TO INCLUDE HUNTER AND BISHOP. IT PLAYS RECORDED DIALOGUE.

HUNTER: Tomorrow... He delivers tomorrow. We're under pressure.

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HUNTER: It has to be you. You see, you owe this section something. A private debt.

CALLAN: For what?

HUNTER: For a faint bloodstain on the carpet beside my desk. My predecessor's blood, Callan.

CALLAN: I - I - you know how I came to kill him -

HUNTER: You were tricked.

CALLAN: Yes.

HUNTER: As Surtees is being tricked?

CALLAN: It's different -

HUNTER: It isn't. Do you blame Meres for shooting you.

CALLAN: No. -

HUNTER: He had to. It was a logical necessity. And so is killing Surtees.

CALLAN: That what you call it? Bloody sick reasoning -

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HUNTER: Just accept the logic of the situation and you won't have to feel guilty. Not about anything. (BEAT) There's a service entrance at the back of Surtees' flat. Use that. Cross or Mallory will be on surveillance and I don't want you seen. Make it look like suicide and don't forget to collect the writing pads.

HUNTER GOES TO THE DOOR. PAUSES.

HUNTER: I was never here and we never spoke about this.

HUNTER EXITS. CALLAN REMAINS MOTIONLESS FOR A MOMENT, THEN HURRIES TO THE DOOR TO CALL:

CALLAN: And what about the stain on Surtees' carpet!

THERE IS NO ANSWER. CALLAN SLOWLY CLOSES THE DOOR.

T/C (6) EXT CALLAN'S FLAT. NIGHT

HUNTER EMERGES AND WALKS OUT OF SHOT. FROM A DOORWAY ACROSS THE ROAD, BISHOP WATCHES HIM GO, HIS EXPRESSION ONE OF SATISFACTION.

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SC. 23. INT. CALLAN'S FLAT. NIGHT.

CALLAN PUTS ON A PAIR OF GLOVES, WIPES CLEAN A SMALL AUTOMATIC AND STARTS TO LOAD IT.

SC. 24. INT. SURTEES' FLAT. NIGHT.

SURTEES PUTS ON A RECORD AND POURS HIMSELF A DRINK.

SC 25. INT. CELLAR. NIGHT.

THE LIGHT SHINES FROM SURTEES' WINDOW AND MALLORY WATCHES FROM THE CELLAR.

SC. 26. INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

CALLAN COMES ALONG THE CORRIDOR FROM THE OPPOSITE END TO THE LIFT AND STAIRS. HE STOPS OUTSIDE SURTEES' DOOR AND TRANSFERS HIS GUN FROM HIS SHOULDER HOLSTER TO HIS COAT POCKET.

SC. 27. INT. SURTEES' FLAT. NIGHT.

SURTEES SITS IN AN ARMCHAIR LISTENING TO A CLASSICAL RECORD, A GLASS IN HIS HAND. THE DOOR BUZZER SOUNDS AND HE ANSWERS IT TO FIND CALLAN. THERE IS A MOMENT BEFORE HE RECOGNISES HIM.

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BISHOP: We?

HUNTER: (BEAT) This section.

BISHOP: Quite. It's a mess Hunter. Your mess. Clean it up any way you like. But do it before tomorrow.

END OF PART TWO.

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PART THREE

22. INT. CALLAN'S FLAT. NIGHT.

ON THE DOOR, AS CALLAN OPENS IT TO FIND HUNTER THEY LOOK AT ONE ANOTHER FOR A MOMENT.

HUNTER: Are you alone? (CALLAN NODS) Then invite me in and close the door.

CALLAN COMPLIES.

CALLAN: Right, you are in, sir, and the door is closed.

HUNTER: Is this the best accommodation we could find you?

CALLAN: I believe so sir. I also believe it was turned down by Shelter.

HUNTER: No sirs, Callan, Not on this occasion. Save them for official contacts.

CALLAN: What's this - social?

HUNTER: Not official, not social. Something that's neither. It's a non-contact. It didn't happen I was never here.

CALLAN: If you were here, what would be the reason?

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HUNTER: I might want to think aloud. About Surtees.

CALLAN: I'd try not to disturb you.

HUNTER: We could make him official. Acknowledge him. Put him on the inventory. It wouldn't tax our resources to compile a file and a dossier.

CALLAN: Might even be able to fix him up with an O.B.E.

HUNTER: Something of the sort could be a possibility. For an agent who'd rendered distinguished services to his country - and suffered in consequence. Suffered to the extent of complete mental breakdown.

CALLAN: It must've been the way I said it - but I was being sarcastic.

HUNTER: I wasn't.

CALLAN: Then you're overlooking one detail. Surtees wouldn't wear it.

HUNTER: I haven't overlooked that detail. (PAUSE) Callan, the award - or whatever - it would have to be posthumous.

CALLAN: I don't think he's going to oblige you by dropping dead.

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HUNTER: No... And that's why we're having a private talk.

CALLAN STARES AT HIM FOR A MOMENT.

CALLAN: Get knotted, sir!

HUNTER: I see we've become formal again.

CALLAN: Too bloody true we have! If you want a chopping done, you write out a chit for it!

HUNTER: No... There's to be no record. No order. Nothing official.

CALLAN: I'm telling you - sir - if you want him killed, give the order in front of witnesses - and give it to somebody else. 'Struth, the poor bleeder gets conned into 5 years in a labour camp and now you want him murdered -

HUNTER: You're certain he isn't K.G.B.?

CALLAN: I'm not certain about anything -

HUNTER: Either way, it comes to the same thing. He's a time bomb. Defuse him before he goes off!

CALLAN: Why me?

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SURTEES: What do you want?

CALLAN: Aren't you going to ask me in for a drink? I offered you one last time we met.

SURTEES: I declined it.

CALLAN: I remember - (HE SLIPS PAST HIM AND CLOSES THE DOOR) I'll settle for a chat, then.

SURTEES: I'm not in a conversational mood. Get out.

CALLAN: Those articles you're writing. Why don't you just forget them.

SURTEES: Why should I?

CALLAN: Because there isn't a word of truth in them.

SURTEES: How would you know since you haven't read them?

T/C (7) (Sc.28) EXT. CELLAR. NIGHT.

MALLORY WATCHFUL. HE BECOMES ALERT, THEN PICKS UP THE CAMERA, AND SHOOTS.

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SC. 29. INT. SURTEES' FLAT. NIGHT.

RESUME CALLAN AND SURTEES:

SURTEES: You could have saved yourself a lot of trouble, Callan. But maybe you just preferred to save yourself the price of a newspaper.

CALLAN: I'm telling you, mate. You've been had. (BEAT) It's happened to better men than you.

SURTEES: Prove it.

CALLAN: Give us time.

SURTEES: No. I'm satisfied that your organisation was responsible.

CALLAN: They were K.G.B. It was somebody posing as Hunter.

SURTEES: Russians...? Come, come.

CALLAN: Would you expect them to have snow on their boots!

SURTEES: Goodnight, Mr. Callan.

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HE TURNS AWAY AND, COLLECTING HIS EMPTY GLASS, GOES TO A DECANTER TO REFILL IT. CALLAN'S LIPS TIGHTEN. HIS HAND GOES INTO HIS COAT POCKET AND THERE IS A CLICK AS HE RELEASES THE SAFETY CATCH. AS HE STARTS TO WITHDRAW THE GUN THE DOOR BUZZER SOUNDS. SURTEES LOOKS ROUND. CALLAN HESITATES, THEN OPENS THE DOOR TO FIND JEAN PRICE.

JEAN: Well...I'm here.

CALLAN: So I see. Come in.

JEAN ENTERS. SURTEES STARES AT HER FOR A MOMENT, THEN LOOKS AT CALLAN.

SURTEES: Who...?

CALLAN: You've met before - but I doubt if you remember the occasion.

SURTEES COMES OVER TO FACE JEAN. HE STUDIES HER FACE FOR A MOMENT. THEN:

SURTEES: I remember the photograph.

HIS HAND GOES BACK FOR A BLOW. JEAN FLINCHES. CALLAN CATCHES IT.

CALLAN: Not yet.

SURTEES LOWERS HIS HAND AND TURNS AWAY.

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SURTEES: Get her out of here.

CALLAN: After I find out why she's come.

JEAN LOOKS AT HIM, PUZZLED.

JEAN: You phoned me. You told me to meet you at this address.

CALLAN: (PAUSES) Did I? Now why would I do that?

JEAN: You....wanted to do a deal about the photograph. Look, I've been thinking it over...I'll tell you what you want to know if you promise that my husband never finds out -

CALLAN: I promise that he will if you don't.

SURTEES: Get out! Both of you!

CALLAN: (QUIETY) Shut up...(TO JEAN) Let's have it.

JEAN: I was working for Freddy at the time.

CALLAN: Skip that bit. I've got the whys and wherefores. I just want the who's and what's. The man who hired you?

JEAN: He said his name was Hunter.

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CALLAN: He would. Where did he take you?

JEAN: He collected me from Freddy's. It was late. About ten o'clock, I think. We went to an address in Camden Town -

CALLAN: What address?

JEAN: I can't remember. It was 5 years ago -

CALLAN: Describe it.

JEAN: Oh...it was an old terrace house in a back street. We went upstairs - two flights, I think - and into a room. A bedroom. There was a man in the bed asleep.

CALLAN: Him?

JEAN LOOKS AT SURTEES AND NODS.

CALLAN: Anybody else around, apart from Hunter?

JEAN: Another man with a camera. A flash camera. He took some photographs.

CALLAN: Go on.

JEAN: Well, you don't need details, do you?

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CALLAN: What price modesty... In your case, two-fifty quid, wasn't it?

JEAN: Have you ever really been up against it -

CALLAN: Save the hearts and flowers!

JEAN: All right. It was the best payment I'd ever had.

CALLAN: This place in Camden Town. Would you recognise it again?

JEAN: I think so -

CALLAN: Near the canal with a pub on one corner and a bottling factory on the other?

JEAN: There was a place that looked like a factory -

CALLAN: And the two men. You'd know them?

JEAN: Yes.

CALLAN STARTS TO LAUGH.

CALLAN: Very good, Mrs. Price, very good. I might ask you to do just that.

SURTEES: What the hell are you playing at, Callan...?

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CALLAN ESCORTS JEAN TO THE DOOR AND OPENS IT FOR HER.

CALLAN: Straight home, Mrs. Price. Don't discuss this with anyone and don't get lost. I'll be in touch.

HE SHOVES HER OUT AND CLOSES THE DOOR.

SURTEES: You're looking pleased with yourself Callan.

CALLAN: I've got reason. So have you but you don't know it. Eighteen months ago we closed up an opposition house in Camden Town. Shall I tell you about your Mr. Hunter?

SURTEES: I'll listen.

CALLAN. His name's Jordan or Semple but he was born Vassily. In Archangel, 1923. Profession, espionage. Employers, the Committee for State Security.

SURTEES: The K.G.B.

CALLAN: Present whereabouts - Wormwood Scrubs.

SURTEES LOOKS AT HIM SILENTLY.

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SC. 30. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

HUNTER SITS AT HIS DESK, PREOCCUPIED. CROSS ENTERS.

CROSS: Just going out to relieve Mallory, sir. Any change in the instructions?

HUNTER: No...Watch and wait. Watch and wait.

CROSS: Very good, sir.

CROSS EXITS. HUNTER RELAPSES INTO THOUGHT AGAIN.

SC. 31. INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

CALLAN WALKS TOWARDS THE LIFT. HE ARRIVES, TAKES THE GUN FROM HIS POCKET SETS IT TO SAFE AND REPLACES IT IN HIS SHOULDER HOLSTER. THEN, JUST AS HE IS ABOUT TO PRESS THE BUTTON, THE GEARS MESH AND THE INDICATOR SHOWS THAT THE LIFT IS GOING DOWN. CALLAN SHRUGS AND DECIDES TO WALK DOWN THE STAIRS.

SC. 32. INT. SURTEES' FLAT. NIGHT.

SURTEES POURS HIMSELF A DRINK, SWITCHES ON THE RECORD PLAYER AND SLUMPS BACK IN HIS CHAIR, EYES CLOSED, LOOKING STRAINED AND WEARY. THE DOORBELL BUZZES.

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SC. 33. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

HUNTER LOOKS UP AS CALLAN ENTERS. CALLAN SMILES A CROOKED SMILE.

CALLAN: You're off the hook. Sir.

T/C (7) EXT. CELLAR. NIGHT.
CROSS ARRIVES AT CELLAR DOOR.

SC. 34. INT. CELLAR. NIGHT.

THE DOOR OPENS AND CROSS GETS IN BESIDE MALLORY.

CROSS: What's new?

MALLORY: I'm not sure. Listen.

HE PUSHES THE START ON THE RECORDER. THROUGH THE SPEAKER COMES THE SOUND OF TELEPHONE RINGING OUT. IT CONTINUES BEHIND.

CROSS: Well?

MALLORY: Somebody's been ringing him for the past twenty minutes. He doesn't answer.

CROSS: He's gone to bed.

MALLORY: The light's still on in the lounge.

CROSS LOOKS UP AND OUT.

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SC. 35. INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

CROSS STEPS OUT OF THE LIFT AND APPROACHES SURTEES' DOOR. HE STOPS. FROM INSIDE CAN BE HEARD A GRAMAPHONE RECORD PLAYING. CROSS PUSHES THE DOOR AND FINDS IT OPEN.

SC 36. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

ON A FILE PHOTOGRAPH OF VASSILY, CUTTING TO INCLUDE HUNTER AND CALLAN.

HUNTER: And if Vassily wasn't the imposter?

CALLAN: He was. I've got two descriptions. One from Freddy and one from Surtees. It's Vassily, all right, And he'll recognise him as soon as he sees him.

HUNTER: This woman Price. You didn't phone her?

CALLAN: No. Been wondering about that.

HUNTER: It doesn't sit right, Callan. It just doesn't sit right.

CALLAN: It's more right than it was two hours ago, At least Surtees has agreed to hold back publication.

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HUNTER: I'm not underestimating it. I'll get on to the Scrubs tomorrow.

THE PHONE RINGS. HUNTER ANSWERS IT.

HUNTER: Hunter.

SC. 37. INT. SURTEES' FLAT. NIGHT.

CROSS IS ON THE PHONE LOOKING SERIOUS.

CROSS: Cross Sir, I'm in Surtees' flat. Something serious. He's been shot, sir.

CUT TO INCLUDE THE BODY OF SURTEES LYING ON THE FLOOR BESIDE THE DESK.

SC. 38. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

HUNTER ON THE PHONE

HUNTER: Stay put. I'll be right over. (HE HANGS UP) So we're off the hook, Callan?

SC. 39 INT. SURTEES' FLAT. NIGHT.

CROSS IS SEARCHING THE ROLL TOP DESK. THE DOORBELL BUZZES. HE ANSWERS IT TO ADMIT CALLAN AND HUNTER.

HUNTER GOES OVER TO THE BODY AND EXAMINES IT.

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HUNTER: Shot through the back of the head. Well, that won't pass for suicide. Not unless he was a contortionist.

CROSS: Sir - the notebooks are gone.

HUNTER: You're sure?

CROSS: I've turned the place upside down.

HUNTER: Right. First things first. And the first thing's to get rid of this body. Cross, organise it. Pack some clothes in a suitcase. Don't forget his razor and toothbrush.

CROSS: Right, sir.

CROSS EXITS TO THE BEDROOM. HUNTER RISES.

HUNTER: Your Mrs. Price, Callan..

CALLAN: She couldn't have. She left before I did.

HUNTER: Did she?

CALLAN: Mallory took pictures of her arriving and leaving -

HUNTER: But when did she leave? She could have hung around on one of the upper floors until you were gone. And then she came back.

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CALLAN: (PAUSES) She could have.

HUNTER: She did. She came here to get the notebooks and the photographs -

CALLAN: There was no photograph.

HUNTER: She thought there was. Callan - I want those notebooks. Take Mallory to help you get them.

SC. 40 INT. JEAN'S FLAT. NIGHT.

THE ROOM IS DARKNESS. THE DOORBELL RINGS INSISTENTLY. JEAN COMES THROUGH FROM THE BEDROOM PULLING ON A NIGHTGOWN. SHE OPENS THE DOOR CALLAN AND MALLORY BURST IN.

JEAN: What...?

CALLAN TURNS AND LOCKS THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.

CALLAN: Take the bedroom apart. I'll do in here.

MALLORY EXITS TO THE BEDROOM. CALLAN STARTS ON THE BUREAU, RUMMAGING THROUGH THE DRAWERS.

JEAN: Stop it! Stop it! What are you looking for!

CALLAN: Where are the notepads?

JEAN: What notepads?

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CALLAN: The ones you took from Surtees' desk. After you knocked him off.

JEAN: He's dead...?

CALLAN: Very.

JEAN: But - I didn't do it. I left before you did...

CALLAN: Left the flat but not the building. What did you do. Hang around on one of the upper floors until I'd gone?

JEAN: Why would I want to do a thing like that!

CALLAN: I'll tell you. You went to his place tonight to get hold of the photograph and anything else that might incriminate you. But when you found me there, you come up with some story about a phone call - now, that wasn't too bright, was it?

JEAN: I told you the truth!

MALLORY COMES OUT FROM THE BEDROOM WITH A GUN IN HIS HAND.

MALLORY: No sign of them - but I found this.

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JEAN: No! He's lying - I don't have a gun.-

CALLAN: You're going to tell me where the notebooks are if I've got to break your neck -

THE PHONE RINGS.

MALLORY: There's an extension in the bedroom.

MALLORY EXITS TO THE BEDROOM. CALLAN NODS TO JEAN AND SHE LIFTS THE RECEIVER.

JEAN: Hello...

SC. 41. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

CLOSE ON A ROW OF SNAPSHOTS LYING ON HUNTER'S DESK.. THEY ARE PICTURES OF PEOPLE LEAVING AND ENTERING THE BLOCK OF FLATS.

HUNTER: (O.O.V.) Mrs. Price?

JEAN: (PHONE) Yes...

HUNTER: Tell Callan that Hunter wants a word with him.

SC. 42. INT. JEAN'S FLAT. NIGHT.

JEAN LOOKS AT CALLAN, PUZZLED AND FRIGHTENED.

JEAN: It's - it's -

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CALLAN: Who?

JEAN: Hunter...

CALLAN GRABS THE PHONE FROM HER.

CALLAN: Yes?

HUNTER: (PHONE) Callan?

CALLAN: Uh-huh.

HUNTER: (DELIBERATELY) (PHONE) This is Charlie speaking.

CALLAN FROWNS AND TENSES. HIS HAND GOES INTO HIS JACKET.

CALLAN: Got you Charlie.

HUNTER: (PHONE) When you went visiting tonight, did you use the service entrance?

CALLAN: Yes.

HUNTER: (PHONE) Both entering and leaving?

CALLAN: Well no ... I left by the front.

HUNTER: (PHONE) I thought you might have. (BEAT) It's odd that we don't have a picture of you.

CALLAN: I don't quite understand what you're getting at -

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THEN HE UNDERSTANDS. HE LOOKS AT THE BEDROOM AND SHOVES JEAN. THERE IS A CLICK ON THE LINE.

CALLAN: Down!

HE JERKS AT HIS GUN AND BLASTS AT THE BEDROOM DOOR. JEAN SCREAMS. THERE IS A PAUSE. THEN THE DOOR SLOWLY OPENS TO REVEAL MALLORY. HE LEANS AGAINST THE FRAME FOR A MOMENT AND THEN HE PITCHES FORWARD.

SC. 43. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

HUNTER IS LEAFING THROUGH ONE OF SURTEES' FOOLSCAP PADS. HE THROWS IT DOWN AND LOOKS AT CALLAN.

HUNTER: In the boot of his car. Still, he didn't have time to get them where they were going.

CALLAN: The newspaper?

HUNTER: Of course.

CALLAN: They were going there anyway.

HUNTER: Maybe. Once you'd got on to Mrs. Price, he couldn't risk her giving the game away and causing Surtees to have second thoughts. (HE LAUGHS) We've all been had, Callan. All of us.

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CALLAN: You know, I must almost have bumped into him on his way up to the flat.

HUNTER: Probably. If you left just after she did. He phoned her, of course. Wanted to throw us on the wrong track. Almost succeeded.

CALLAN: What about Mrs. Price.

HUNTER: There are good reasons why she should choose to be very discreet.

CALLAN: And if she ever chooses not to be.

HUNTER RISES, GOES TO THE DOOR AND PUTS ON HIS COAT.

HUNTER: You still owe us a debt, Callan.

HUNTER EXITS. CALLAN LOOKS AFTER HIM.

THE END

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